

The Weekly Panola Star.

W. S. WARD

"It is not in the Power of any one to command success, but we will do more—we will deserve it."

Editor and Proprietor.

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POETRY.

True Friendship.

Oh! what happiness—what brightness,
In life's changeful scenes appear,
When we meet kind words and actions,
And we feel they are sincere;
When the smiles of friendship greet us,
And we know that they are true,
What greater charm hath this fair world
To offer us than you?

With the beaming sky above us,
And the lovely earth beneath,
With the music of the moon,
And the low-voiced melody
Of these beautiful scenes of Nature,
What more cheering would you ask
Than the glances that speak affection,
From the heart without a mask?

For pure truth is such a jewel,
Oh! so precious and so rare,
That it seems a spark from heaven,
Seldom lent to mortal care;
When we meet it in earth's friendship,
Let us prize its holy might,
For it comes into our spirits
Like an angel wing'd with light.

—THE PRINTING PRESS.—Whoever
was the author of these lines, evidently
has a high opinion of the luminous pow-
ers of the Press:

"'Twas truly said that if a star
Were stricken from the dome of night,
A Printing Press if stationed there,
Would fill the vacuum to a hair,
And shed a broader light."

Contributed.

[For the Star.]

STREY LEAVES—NO. 2. Friends of Yore.

Hosts of fond recollections rush to
my mind as I record these words—
school days that have fled forever
loom up in the dim vista of the past,
and again I wander a merry-hearted
school-girl in "Old Franklin's" halls,
and look back upon the happy faces of
the college girls, reflected from mem-
ory's glass.

There is timid Fannie; merry laugh-
ing Liz; Corn, with her intellectual
brow and raven hair; saucy Kate and
dignified Sally; blue eyed Mary and
brown-eyed Sophie; quizzical Fanny
and stately Flora; Amanda, with
pensive face; sweet fairy Lou, and
Sue with Auburn curls, and many oth-
ers, fair and lovely—all dear to my
heart from cherished remembrance,
chastened and softened by the many
years which have intervened since we
were numbered as "college girls."

Months flew by on golden pinions,
and our circle was unbroken. The
examination of the summer drew near,
and our hearts beat high with hope
and expectation, while joy dwelt warm
in our bosoms at the thought of seeing
the dear ones at home; but tears welled
beneath our eyelids as the parting
hour drew nigh. It came—and we
parted—a little band with laurels
wreathing their brows, bid adieu to
college days, and launched their
barques out upon the tide of the gay
world.

'Twas in the glad summer-time of
another year, on a bright day, with a
warm summer sun and a deep blue
sky above, smiling down upon the
earth, clad in her emerald robe,
that the sad news came that Sally
T—was dead! Our joy was hush-
ed and grief reigned in our bosoms.
Our song-bird had hushed her music
notes on earth forever! Never more
would her silvery voice be heard.
Death had broken the happy strings and
Sally was slipped in the bloom of
youth and beautiful womanhood—
Sally, I hope, there art singing with
the angel-choir on High.

While the soil was fresh on her
bosom, and the summer birds were
warbling her requiem, gentle and beau-
tiful Ann W—passed away from
the earth, while the flush of youth was
fresh on her brow, and roses were
blooming on her cheek. Earthly love
was insufficient to chain her spirit here—
—a "harp" and a "ruler" awaited her
in the glory-land, and angels bore her
away to their home above. Sun, our
beloved class-mate, was the next the
Destructer claimed. In the full flush of
young life, with her heart full of bright
hopes and warm with eager anticipa-
tions, was she called away. Often in
the holy hush of twilight's drowsy
hours have we clustered around her
grave, waving garlands of flowers—

emblematical of her short life—to
deck her tomb.

'Twas when

"The melancholy days had come,

The saddest of the year!"—

that Louie died. Transient as a

summer flower had been her little life.

Only a few days before, and her voice

was heard ringing with laughter and

glee through the college. But, alas!

how soon was her laughter hushed

and her throbbing heart was still!

With sobbing hearts and weeping eyes

we gathered around her coffin and

gazed upon Louie—pale and beau-
tiful in death. Death had not robbed

of its roundness, and her face was

fresh and fair as if sleep alone had

closed her waxen lids; and her hands,

dimpled and fair, lay on her bosom,

clasping a pure white flower, which

the hand of affection placed there.

'Twas hard to think that we must bur-
y her from our sight; but hope com-
forted our hearts, for Louie was a

Child of God.

"In the cold moist earth we laid her,

When the forest cast the leaf,

And we wept that one so lovely

Should have a life so brief."

"Yet not unmet it was that one

Like the young friend of ours—

So gentle and so beautiful,

Should perish with the flowers."

There was a fair young girl who

had twined her affections—like a

beautiful wreath of friendship's flow-
ers—around my heart. I loved to

gaze upon her sweet fair face, to twine

my arms around her young form, to

push back the hair from her white

temple, and look down into the depths

of her clear, bright eyes, and read

their meaning. I loved Nettle Frank-
lin more than words can tell. Little

did I think when, on that morning

long ago, when in our dear old room, I

bid her adieu, kissing a tear on her

forehead and bid her let no other lips

remove the impress, but hold it sacred

to my memory—that angels, then on

poised wings, were hovering near,

awaiting the summons to bear her

from earth to a more congenial clime.

Twice did the summer flowers bloom

and fade, and November rolled round

on the wheel of time, flinging gold

and purple on the forest leaves, and

chilled the breeze as it sighed through

the autumn leaves. Then Heaven

claimed Nettle! The chords of a

mother's heart were riven as the light

of her soul went out, and now they

both sleep the dreamless sleep of the

grave, awaiting the morn when the

last trump shall sound, and awaken

them to immortal life and glory.

Consumption cast its withering

blight upon peerless Fannie Evans,

and fast tended her to the tomb. She

was good and fair, and much beloved

by all. Her low and sweet and sweet

winning manners, won her many

friends, kind and true. Sweet Fannie

has joined her mother in Heaven.

"Death leaves a shining mark," and

we were called to mourn the loss of

one of our dear monitors. "Miss So-
phie,"—one of Nature's gifted ones.

Often have we gathered around her,

listening with enraptured hearts to

the melody of her rich and mellow-

toned voice, as she poured it forth in

song. But the lyre is now unstrung,

and the chords unpleased are; but oh!

may she awaken the notes of a golden

harp and join her voice with the music

of those who throng the Celestial Ci-
ty. Amanda, another of the college

girls, joined a band of loved ones gone

before. She was one in whose heart

no guile dwelt, but 'twas the embodi-
ment of purity and loveliness. Waa-

ted was her young beauty; cheek and

lips were pale with suffering, but no

moan escaped her lips, for she was

one of Heaven's chosen ones, and

now dwells with the angels in Heav-

en!

And now my heart is filled with

grief of a kindred tie. The hand of

the household is broken—one face is

with the halo of young manhood just

enveloping his brow. But though

young in years, his heart was well at-

tuned to the Christian's precepts, and

high and holy principles, and when the

last day will come he will arise from

the grave to strike a harp and wear a

crown in Heaven!

LILLIAN.

April, 1857.

Selected.

The Key to Character.

SOME persons are much surprised

at the quickness of apprehension

which their acquaintances display

in reading the character of others;

but a little observation will con-
vince any one that the chief art of

detecting shades of character is by

studying the conversation of those

with whom we meet. Conversa-

tion is the key to the character;

and, if it be not true that the re-

marks of those to whom we are

introduced, faithfully indicate the

qualities of their minds, it cannot

be questioned, that in proportion

will be the depth of this investiga-

tion, and the certainty of our judg-

ment.

Even trifling conversation will

speak as forcibly as grave discourse,

or studied reasoning—for the quali-

ties of trifling are as marked as

even the varieties of discourse.—

When great minds trifle, there is a

meaning in it; when vulgar minds

trifle, there is a current that be-
trays its own origin. So it is with

all the minister shades, between the

highest and the lowest minds. In-

genious trifling speaks favorably

for those who exercise themselves

in it—and a sage moral reflection

may be conveyed as well, and

sometimes more forcibly, by a burst

of jocund railery, as by a cynical,

grave admonition, while, at the

same time, the sincerity of the

speaker will not be questioned.

Besides, it has been well said that

the brow of care may be smoothed

without converting it into the

laugh of folly. It is important,

however, in estimating human

character to be able to distinguish

between the acid of speech and the

true salt, that is never offensive to

the taste of other.

Public Opinion of Crime.

The Albany Evening Journal

thus tersely describes the popular

effect of a great crime:

"1st. the bloodthirsty, which is for

seizing somebody on the slightest

suspicion, and stringing him up on

the nearest tree. Or it is for pok-

ing him into the fire with pitch-

forks, because "hanging is too good

for him." This lasts till the cul-

priet is under sentence, lock, and

key.

Then the compassionate, when

jurors sign petitions for his pardon,